

# The Only Thing Better

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Summary: He was their fascination, their addiction, and none of them were strong enough to stop using him. Corny. Shelley. Amber. Brenda.

## The Only Thing Better

\*\*So, this is something a little different I thought up. It's got...a little something for everyone, I think, haha. You all know the lyrics this story is based upon, so...enjoy!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>So if you're a redhead,<br> A blonde or brunette  
> Just take my advice<br> And you might just get  
> The only thing better than hairspray<br> That's me!\_

He was intoxicating. Just like the noxious chemical spray that the girls used each and every morning, it was impossible to breathe around him. He was wildly addictive, and once they discovered the somewhat imperfect beauty that he could bestow upon them, it became impossible to quit him. It was ridiculously captivating; his touch, his hold. He would slip his fingers into the varying shades of the girls' hair, and didn't discriminate; he would brush his digits through the silky strands. Red hair, blonde, brown; he loved the feel of each of them individually, and once the girls had gotten a taste of him, it became impossible to forget. It was something that they all knew was wrong, and though none of them particularly cared for the flavor that he left in their mouths, they couldn't stop wanting to experience him again. His kiss was sweet and deadly, and once his lips brushed any of theirs, they became instantaneously hooked. That beautiful mouth, his sharp white teeth and perfect lips spilled promises that all of them knew he wouldn't be able to keep.

Shelley was his fiery redhead. She was brash and blunt without apology. She was easily the most indifferent of the council girls, and had no qualms about pissing others, including him, off. \_She\_

pretended not to give a shit whether he was with her or not, and that pleased him. A simple smirk from her was all it took for that fire to ignite in his loins. With Shelley, sex was just that; sex. There was no extreme emotional connection between them. She would scrape her red painted fingernails down his bare chest as he pushed inside of her, sighing his name just enough for him to know that she was aware of him, though not enough to make him necessarily believe that he was the sole reason for her pleasure.

Amber was his demanding blonde. Because she'd been so pampered as a child, she was the one who required the most from him. She would throw tantrums when he didn't have time for her before or after the show, and would often act as impetuous as a child when she was around him. \_She\_ was the one that told him, in so many ways, that she viewed him as her possession, just like she had with Link. She was bratty and spoiled, and insisted on more physical pleasure than any other girl he'd ever known, but she was unrivaled in his eyes. She knew exactly what to do, and when to do it. She would work his fingers around the collar of his dress shirt and unbutton it when she wanted her turn with him. When he and Amber were together, she would moan his name encouragingly, her voice breaking at a high pitch as she pushed her hips against his, pleading for more. She pretended to be so experienced, so filthily broken in, and yet, the tension he encountered each time he entered her told him that she was far more seasoned at embellishing the truth than anything else.

Brenda was his shameless brunette. She was the most careless of the three girls, and lived her life with wild abandon. \_She\_ was the one who would suggest kinky things the two of them do together, and was always the first to instigate the rendezvous' that occurred between them. She was experienced and mature for her age, and had been around the block more than once. When she wanted him inside of her, she wasted no time. She would whisper filthy words into his ear, and he would follow where she led him without question. There were no pretenses when it came to her, because she had a line of boys waiting around the block. She didn't pretend to be desperate for anything he could give her, and instead, feigned to be doing him a favor when she called on him for satisfaction. Being inside her was a far cry from the other girls, and her soft, low groans made him feel like she was the one in control of the situation, which was a change in pace for him, literally.

The girls knew about each other; they knew that as soon as one of them left his dressing room, another would enter it. They knew that he spent alternate nights kissing each of their lips, running his fingers down each of their naked bodies. Still, none of them could quit him. He was an obsession that the three of them had acquired somewhat unconsciously at around the same time, and just like their hairspray, they used him religiously.

He was tenacious and stiff (literally) when he was with them, and didn't show favoritism based on the shades of their hair. His fingers tugged just as easily on Amber's soft golden locks as they did on Shelley's silky tresses. He had amazing style, the picture of his perfection frozen in the moment, just like the solidity of his hair. He was on call, just like their cans of hairspray, simply waiting for them to use him, and he offered nothing more than instant gratification. He would promise long-term happiness, but all of them had learned not to expect much of anything from him in that department. He maintained his overwhelmingly potent power over them,

and though each of them would have liked to believe that she was in control, it wasn't the truth. All of them had become slaves to the taste of his skin, the sound of his voice. They needed him now, just as they needed that consumptive spray; the one they would smother their heads in every day without fail. It was the only thing that held them together; the only thing that made them appear as unoffending as they did.

Shelley professed that he was an unnecessary complication in her life.

Amber put on that he was a selfish man who was undeserving of her time.

Brenda purported that he wasn't quite man enough for her.

Yet, of the three of them, none of them wanted their twisted relationships with him to end.

Corny Collins was not, after all, the only thing better than their hairspray.

He was their hairspray.

End  
file.